THE New Republic

Mary Pickford: the Little Girl in Curls

by Delmore Schwartz

PAGE 17

"It Don't Matter Who Wins, Dear"

Martha Gellhorn on the British Elections

First Item on the Big Four Agenda

Michael Straight on German Unity

THEY NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

Gerald W. Johnson Explains Why Democrats in Congress Like Ike

JUN 7 1955

JUNE 6, 1955

20c

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE
Johnson City, Tenn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

This column spends much of its time criticizing the Eisenhower Administration and the Republicans. Heaven knows, there is enough to criticize about a party in power whose Secretary of the Interior (Douglas McKay) declared, April 29, 1953: "We are here in the saddle as an Administration representing business and industry." An approach like that set the tone for the Republican overthrow, and liberals reacted accordingly.

But the Democrats have gone to bat and struck out. That plain fact has to be faced. The leadership is largely in the hands of the Southern conservatives, men like Harry Byrd (Va.), Richard Russell, Walter George (Ga.), and Lyndon Johnson. When you mention them you have named the controlling force in the party in Congress. The Southern group is happy under Eisenhower; they would probably prefer him (and their seniority chairmanships) to any Democratic President who might win. They are taking the posture of opposition out of habit, but they are doing it often without interest and frequently without conviction. Their opposition comes from the fact that they are the "outs," not the "ins" rather than that they hold a rival philosophy.

The Southern Democratic conservatives do not really represent the majority of the party. That majority has a few powerful speakers in Congress, such as Paul Douglas (Ill.), Estes Kefauver (Tenn.), Herbert Lehman (N.Y.), but these men have few committee chairmanships. They lack the votes to enact progressive legislation; often they find themselves pitted against a majority coalition of Republicans and Southern conservatives. When election day comes next year, Democratic leaders are going to ask the voters of the big cities (who normally are Democratic), trade unionists and liberals to vote for them. Well —why should they?

If there is one outstanding need in this country at the present time, it is for more schools. What have the Democrats done about it? They control Congress. Congress has been in session five months, but the federal school-aid bill has been, down to the present, bogged in a House committee. The committee chairman, Graham Barden (D, N.C.), opposes the bill. He isn't interested in a higher minimum wage bill either, and he is holding that up, too. The other Democrats on his committee have finally managed to blast the education bill out from Barden's blockade, but it is late in the session, and it is doubtful if much will be done about it this year.

This is a sample. Some Democrats have caught the note of rising discontent from the folks back home. It probably helped in getting the education bill out of Barden's clutches. The fact is, Democratic lethargy is becoming a scandal. Here are some quotations:

> It is, in fact, the Democratic leadership in Congress [writes Doris Fleeson] which makes it possible for Republicans to run a popularity contest next year instead of a campaign. . . . Democrats . . . mutter dolefully that the people aren't interested in issues. . . . It is fair to suggest that people can't get excited about issues they never hear discussed.

Here is the comment of the columnist Thomas L. Stokes:

> The Democratic Party in Congress is controlled and managed by its Southern wing. Democrats from other parts of the country are beginning to wake up suddenly. . . . Their frustration is beginning to express itself . . . it won't be the South where the 1956 election will be won. It must be won in other parts of the country.

A lot of people would like to support the Democrats against Eisenhower next year. But, as the *New York Post* put it, the party won't discuss such harsh facts of life as "school and housing shortages, vaccine controls, violations of civil liberties and civil rights, the natural gas grab and other elements of the 'give-away' program. . . ."

Most Washington commentators agree that this is one of the dullest Congressional sessions in history. We can't ourselves remember anything like it since the days of Coolidge. The Democrats seem afraid to attack, and they offer little themselves. It is true they are finally unveiling an inquiry into the GOP security-risk firings after a five months' delay, but the investigation is in the hands of the bumbling Sen. Olin D. Johnston (D, S.C.), with Guy Gillette, septuagenarian ex-Senator from Iowa, as chief counsel. The fireworks in the inquiry, if any, are likely to come from a converted GOP reactionary, Harry Cain, former Senator from Washington, who has been making the best speeches against the Red hysteria of anybody recently in the city. What a topsy-turvy world it is: the Democrats timid and subdued, and Cain—now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board—eloquent and outspoken.

Democrats have failed to launch a first-class investigation of the new bank and business merger movement, which is the outstanding monopolistic development of our time. And when liberals look hopefully to party headquarters, they find National Chairman Paul Butler busily telling 1952-Southern-bolters like Texas Governor Allan Shivers that they are really fine fellows after all, and needed to bring election victory in 1956. Does a Democratic Administration, with Shivers, seem much better than a Republican Administration with McKay and Sinclair Weeks? It is not a sparkling prospect either way.

Notes: The Supreme Court's expected school segregation ruling will bring this key issue to a climax in Southern states; it may also further imprison the Democratic leadership in Congress. . . . The Salk vaccine bungle, after seven weeks, may be about to be straightened out. . . . House defeat of the military reserve plan again raises the question whether a disarmament stampede will start, if and when East-West tension abates. . . . Sequel to the British election: Ike agreed to go to a "Summit" conference to aid Eden and the Conservatives; now he must reluctantly fulfill his pledge. . . . The GOP drive on America's fourth great branch of government, the regulatory agencies, goes steadily on, unnoticed by the press; FCC Commissioner Frieda Hennock, for example, who got 257 TV channels allocated to education, will be replaced by a private utilities man, the third Ike has picked for that Commission.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Marshal Tito's Mission From Moscow

THE "Judas" whom the Russian rulers (*all* of them) set out to purge in 1948 is now, in Soviet Communist Party Secretary Khrushchev's words, "Dear Comrade Tito." And in place of six years of abuse, the Russians propose a line which might almost have been plagiarized from the speeches of Tito himself: "non-intervention, respect for sovereignty and national independence . . . no aggression . . . the impermissibility of some states' encroaching upon the territorial integrity of others."

How will the Marshal respond to the repentant mission from Moscow? It is doubtful whether Tito will choose to return to the role of small boss by the grace of big boss, for his present policy has produced the remarkable situation in which Yugoslavia is the only Communist regime not being attacked, directly or indirectly, by the propaganda of any country in the world. Further, Tito is not likely to forget that the Soviet pilgrimage of penance to Belgrade has been brought about not by Yugoslav cringing, but by belligerent indifference to Soviet threats. Nor can Tito ignore the fact that Yugoslavia's present independence was made possible by the West. If he appears to have won an unconditional victory over Soviet browbeating, he has pulled it off because of unconditional support from the United States and its allies. Since 1949, approximately $2 billion (about 90 percent of it in dollars) in economic, technical and military aid has gone to Yugoslavia from the West and the United Nations. Forty million in economic aid, plus additional military assistance, has been scheduled for Yugoslavia by the US during the coming year.

Still, normalization of relations with Moscow may have an internal advantage for Tito. The penalizing last year of Yugoslav Communist Party officials Djilas and Dediyer brought into the open evidence of internal discontent, even inside the Communist Party, and a widespread desire for relaxation of party bureaucratic control. The Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to Belgrade may help further depress pro-democratic, dissident elements inside Yugoslavia.

From the Soviet point of view, the visit could have interesting repercussions elsewhere: in the satellite states, for example. In those countries, premature Titoists, attracted by Yugoslavia's successful rebellion, were liquidated. Now, however, if it appears that the wages of apostacy are not death but honor, what might this suggest to other satellite peoples? One must assume that the Russians are confident they can maintain effective discipline in the satellites through police control and internal penetration, and that the new diplomatic approach to Belgrade has another aim in view: the winning of new nations to the neutralist camp.

The Russians presumably hope that by eating crow in Belgrade, they may persuade other Europeans (as well as Asians) that the "new men in the Kremlin" are reasonable; that co-operation with the USSR no longer requires subservience; that non-interference by the Russians is available to all—in return for non-antagonism against the Russians.

TV Time in '56

A NEW proposal on the problem under discussion in the *NR* of the use of television during Presidential campaigns has been put forward by Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Dr. Stanton has asked Congress to modify the existing "equal time for all candidates" rule and permit CBS to give free time to the Presidential candidates of only the two major parties in 1956 for a series of network-controlled debates, interviews and panel shows. If CBS had made such an offer to candidates Eisenhower and Stevenson in 1952, some 16 other aspirants, ranging from Progressive to Prohibitionist, would have been entitled to identical treatment—which is why CBS has held to its policy of no free campaign time to anybody.

Dr. Stanton's proposal is a sensible one, as far as it goes. It would assure a minimum of valuable TV hours to both major candidates, and, under the direction of the network's public-affairs division, it would probably be well utilized time. Face-to-face encounters of Presidential candidates have been very rare since Lincoln and Douglas toured the nation; a professionally handled panel show or an organized debate would surely be more revealing to America's 50 million set owners in 1956 than the customary assortment of election-time speeches.

The National Broadcasting Company, for its part, has offered to set aside a substantial number of campaign-period hours for the use of the major parties. The parties would still be paying the network for the time, but they would not have to buy out the sponsor whom they were dispossessing. This idea has been happily received by financiers of both parties who were obliged to pay double in 1952 when they usurped commercial time.

Both these proposals are welcome, but they do not redress the major inequities pointed out in our recent articles. (*NR*, May 2, 9, 16.) The party with the bigger bank account will still be able to buy up most of the peak listening hours in the last week of October; the innumerable special committees will still be able to fill the channels with 20-second spot announcements throughout the day for two months; Congressional and local contests will still be operating under the old, inadequate rules.

Although the two major networks have thus acknowledged by their proposals that real problems exist, the delegates to this year's convention of the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters expressed themselves unanimously against any plan requiring them "to provide campaign time free of charge to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candidates." This feeds the suspicion that both CBS and NBC have made their bids as much to head off any more drastic action by Congress to regulate politics on TV as to serve the American voter. They have offered two promising approaches, but the problems that remain still call for full-dress study, by broadcasters, politicians, and the public of the use of television in political campaigns.

Mr. Benson Lets the Farmer Take the Risk

THERE WAS a time when a good reporter learned about government policy from the government. Now he must read such financial papers as the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Journal of Commerce* to learn which federal program will be transferred next to private business. Latest example was a story disclosing that private insurance companies are taking over a part of the federal crop insurance program—at higher cost to the farmer, yet leaving greater risks for the government. In other words, partnership.

While You Weren't Looking

When Mr. Benson became Secretary of Agriculture, he selected an able private insurance executive from Minnesota, Charles S. Laidlaw, to be manager of the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation. Mr. Laidlaw, in turn, appointed a committee of private insurance executives to study the federal program. They were permitted to photostat the government records on insurance buyers, premiums paid and losses claimed, take the records to New York, and prepare after a year's study a substitute private program which was put on display at a meeting of the American Insurance Association in New York.

Briefly, seven companies are prepared to take over from the government the selling of crop insurance in 50 of the 900 counties where the government now does the selling. These counties contain the "better class of farm risk," as the private companies put it. In plainer language, this is the area where the government paid the least claims and made the largest net income. Nevertheless, as the companies themselves state, "it is not intended that private companies compete with the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation in marginal and submarginal areas, nor that industry rates meet the FCIC rates." Again in plainer language, the corn farmer in the upper Middle West, the area selected by the private companies, will pay higher premiums to a private company than farmers elsewhere are paying to the government, and he will have no choice in the matter.

Congress adopted the federal crop insurance program in 1938 after farmers had gone through the terrible drought of the 1930's. The program was a cooperative effort by farmers and the government to protect farm families from crop catastrophe which, over several years, could cause loss of the farm itself. For many farmers in drought areas, this became the last form of credit that staved off foreclosure.

Congress decided on a federal program only after more than 50 private companies had gone bankrupt trying to offer an all-peril crop insurance to farmers. To this day no private company has operated successfully in this field, although many offer commercial insurance on hail alone. The government itself lost heavily on the program during its first eight years when actuarial data was lacking and the insurance was offered on a blanket basis to the entire country.

After 1947 Congress revamped the program to cover only selected counties and selected crops, with rates varying according to the risk. By spreading its risks, the Corporation managed to operate four years in the black and three years in the red during 1947-1954. Cumulation loss to the government for that period was $6 million, sustained largely in the great drought of 1954. That year the program covered more than 400,000 farmers and wrote insurance valued at $346 million. This was a creditable performance in a period of farm disaster.

But Mr. Benson's first reaction to these losses was to refuse issuance of any more federal insurance in certain counties which had suffered unusually high losses. His action was roughly comparable to the Social Security system's dropping all contributors who contract TB, or a state compensation system's refusing future coverage to any worker who suffered one major accident. The six counties Mr. Benson dropped were in the dust bowl of west Texas, New Mexico, and Colorado. He chose not to cut off insurance in the two counties which suffered the highest wheat losses in the United States; they were located in his home state.

The most disturbing aspect of the private company deal is the effect it will have on the survival of the remaining government program. No insurance can operate, as Mr. Laidlaw told Congress in 1953, unless the risks are spread. Since Mr. Benson is prepared to give up his areas of least risk, it is not certain whether the balance of the program can be financially solvent.

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION

1826 JEFFERSON PLACE, N. W. WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Michael Straight, *Editor*
Gilbert A. Harrison, *Publisher*
Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
Allan E. Aird, *Business Manager*

F. R. Ruskin, *Administrative Assistant*
Lucille Davis, *Copy Assistant*
Irvin Shapiro, *Design*

Robert Evett, *Book Editor*
Eric Bentley, *Theatre Critic*
Delmore Schwartz, *Poetry Editor*

Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1955 in the USA by New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

Volume 132, Number 23, Issue 2115

Washington Wire by T. R. B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
First Item on the Big-Four Agenda 5
by Michael Straight
"It Don't Matter Who Gets In, Dear" 7
by Martha Gellhorn
They Never Had It So Good 11
by Gerald W. Johnson
Varieties of Religious Revival 13
by Reinhold Niebuhr
Books and Comment 17
Theatre 21

Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses, and, if possible, wrapper with stencil impression.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Item on the Big Four Agenda

by Michael Straight

A RADICAL change of tactics is Secretary Dulles' new appraisal of the shift in Soviet attitudes. The words, well chosen, are more modest and discerning than those employed by our President and Secretary of State one week ago. Then, peering to the European horizon, they foresaw something approaching a conversion in the Kremlin and with it a new dawn. Now they foresee a continuing struggle, made more bearable by a limited hope.

The *tactical* nature of the Soviet shift, in Mr. Dulles' appraisal, defines the limitations of the coming talks with the Kremlin; its *radical* character points to the opportunities they may present. On the basis of this appraisal the President may be ready, when he meets with Premier Bulganin, to consider a series of gradual but significant steps to lessen the tensions of the Cold War.

Those tensions center in the continuing division of Germany. And Germany seems certain to be the first item on the Big Four Agenda, once serious discussion starts. There, the nature of the shift in Soviet attitudes will be indicated by the extent to which the Soviet spokesmen are prepared to approach the problem of German unification through common agreement with the Allies.

If tactics alone are altered, then the Soviet course is clear. For three years the Kremlin's objective has been to block the ratification of the London and Paris Accords, while maintaining its own armed power. Since ratification was completed in March, 1955, the Kremlin has sought to block the implementation of the Accords on the well-grounded assumption that there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. The allied objective, in contrast, is to secure the implementation of the Accords at least until the Western defense system of which they form a vital part is made superfluous by the elimination of the Soviet military threat. And between these objectives there is no common ground to be confirmed.

In the struggle for German allegiance neither side has fully succeeded as yet. Formally we bound German nationalism to the larger purposes of the West when the Bonn Republic joined NATO. In fact the purposes of NATO were bent, in at least equal measure, to the promotion of Germany's national aims. Ratification of the NATO alliance in the Bundestag, close as the vote was, succeeded only on the explicit assurance of Germany's Chancellor that henceforth German unification would be a primary aim of the NATO powers. The Bundestag debate, as the March 3 *Bulletin of the German Federal Government* concedes, "revealed to the world again the primacy of this issue in the minds of all Germans." The *Bulletin* continues:

> It was made clear how impossible it would be for the Federal Republic to join forces politically with any partner not willing to acknowledge the need of reunifying the German people.

No sense of spiritual unity with the West brought ratification about. "Western Germany needs the help of the West," explains the *Federal Government Bulletin* of March 24, "in order to regain by peaceful means what is not only her due but also Europe's." The *Bulletin* of January 20 adds: "Were developments to prove that the Chancellor's policy is built upon an alliance with a Western world that no longer supports German unification . . . it might well lead to a complete reversal on German politics. It would endanger the foundation of all the progress made in this country since the war."

FOR AS long as the NATO powers and the Kremlin were not in communication, there was no way for the opponents of Dr. Adenauer to put the Chancellor's faith in the NATO powers to the test. Now, as we meet at the summit, the test that the Germans have waited for is due. The Germans suppose that Britain, the US and even the Benelux countries sincerely believe that the unification of Germany is desirable. They suspect that on this fundamental question France disagrees. They fear that no NATO nation lists reunification as a primary objective for which real concessions must be made. And their resentment in consequence is rising. Typical is the bitter outburst of May 23 in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, a powerful newspaper that has been friendly to the West. Condemning the British government and our own for seeking to use Germany, it charges: "German unification does not depend, as far as they are concerned, on the needs of the Germans but on the strategical needs of the Allied General Staff." The unspoken conclusion is obvious: if the Western allies will not offer attractive concessions to the Russians in return for unification, the Germans will.

Chancellor Adenauer is struggling to hold out against this drift. His hope is that Britain and the United States will present a comprehensive program at the Big Four meeting providing for the unification of Germany within the framework of limited troop withdrawals, free elec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, progressive disarmament and an extended security system. In this way the Chancellor hopes the allies may persuade West Germans that their intentions are honorable.

But honorable intentions at this point are not enough. The allegiance of the Germans to the West turns not only upon the *intent* of the NATO powers to advance Germany's national objectives, but upon their *ability* as well. In turn, the *ability* of the NATO powers to serve as the means of advancing German aims is a matter for the Kremlin to determine.

THE Kremlin, in Bulganin's words, is waging "an extensive and comprehensive struggle against the implementation of the Paris Agreements." As part of this struggle, it must now move beyond gestures to concessions as part of a bargain on Germany. Under the best of conditions the concessions are most painful for the Kremlin when they extend to the loss of East Germany. The Kremlin must assume that it can obtain better terms if it deals with Germany alone. Bilateral negotiations will minimize the pressures of the NATO powers across the bargaining table. They will further encourage the powerful forces within Germany who see their own self-interest in Germany's association with the USSR. These forces are held in check while Konrad Adenauer rules Germany. Adenauer, in turn, has staked his claim to power on the ability of the Western World, acting in unison, to obtain Soviet Russia's acceptance of Germany's aims. Why, if Adenauer is their principal enemy, should the Soviet leaders fulfill his life's ambition and perpetuate his regime? Their interest, short of a major shift in strategy, is to frustrate his ambitions and wait for his downfall or his death.

No tradition compels the Kremlin to negotiate with Germany via a hostile association led by a nation which it identifies as the principal enemy of mankind. The Kremlin's chosen way is to deal with each nation bilaterally, as it is dealing with Yugoslavia today. If the United States is the nation which the Kremlin is trying to negotiate with now; if, that is, the Kremlin is reaching for the greatest prize, then it may choose to approach German unification through the mechanism of the Big Four. But if the Kremlin is pursuing any lesser aim, then it has no interest in considering Germany at the summit. Its purpose will be to present the semblance but not the substance of a solution on Germany in such a manner as to isolate the United States, and so to prepare the way for the bilateral discussions with Germany that will follow when the Big Four negotiations fail.

"It is beyond doubt," declared Premier Bulganin in Warsaw, "that the establishment of agreed actions by the two parts of Germany as regards the creation of a united, free and democratic Germany is not only necessary but quite feasible." This, it seems probable, is the key to the Kremlin's next step. If the Big Four conferences fail in the course of the summer, then in the autumn Chancellor Adenauer may be invited to Moscow. The declared purpose of the invitation will be to discuss the negotiation of the Germans held prisoner in Russia; the Chancellor will have to go. At some later point the exchange of diplomats will take place, and with it the extension of relations between East and West Germany. For all their hatred of the East German puppet government, West Germans will believe, as the Social Democratic Party now maintains, that "every step toward the establishment of normal relations between the Germans of the several parts of the divided country is a start toward the elimination of the division and so a prerequisite for peaceful reunification in freedom."

With these developments the problem of German unification will pass substantially out of the control of the allies. Germany will be on her own in the divided Europe left by the barren and baseless nationalism of France.

Neutrality, imposed by the great powers, is already fantasy for Germany which today is fourth in power among the nations of the world. *Independence*, asserted by Germany, is a logical course. This independent status will express itself in some of the actions proposed by the great powers, but not in accordance with their plans. A new nation may emerge from the two zones, as Germany emerged from the German Confederation; but it will not be in Moscow's image, or ours. Foreign troops may be eased from Germany, but not by choice. German soldiers may guard the new nation—commanded by a German general staff. Unification will continue as an objective, but far from signifying the boundaries of 1945, it may come to mean the frontiers of 1937 or even those won by Hitler in 1939. Democracy will be the apparatus of German government but the political power will not reside in the people. And whatever formal bonds are maintained by treaty, the attractive pull of the West upon a nation that faces both ways, will derive from the inner vitality of the West, rather than the allegiance of Germans to common ideals.

NONE of these developments is certain, but few are within our power to frustrate. If they take form from now on, then the role of the allies seems plain. It is to support the rearmament of Germany but not to bank upon it, to press for every legitimate demand of German nationalism and yet to refuse to be driven by German opinion into positions which we cannot in good conscience support; to encourage negotiations with the Kremlin on Germany, and to participate in them as far as we can; to realize that under the best of circumstances a negotiated peace settlement on Germany will take years to achieve; to ensure as far as we can the adherence of Germany to Western society during these years by developing the non-military functions of NATO; to grant to NATO's Council real power over the political decisions to which we commit the West, on the understanding that participation is the basis of loyalty and the beginning of the stronger union to come.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It Don't Matter Who Gets in, Dear"

Martha Gellhorn reports on the way the British saw the election

IF WE dare believe what we read, the eyes of the world, you know, *those* eyes, were fixed upon England, at the end of the second week of the great General Election campaign. This magnificent nation allows 20 days for electioneering, thus presenting us, the efficient Americans, with the finest possible example of a time-and-sanity-saving device. Six hundred and thirty men and women are elected as Members of Parliament. During the first week of the campaign it was hardly obvious that anyone wanted to be elected at all. In the second week it was very tepidly "hotted up," a slang expression much in favor hereabouts. They are calling this the Dull Election. Nobody minds the dullness a bit.

At the beginning, if you wanted to know what was happening you telephoned the Central Office of the Labour Party and asked where election meetings would be held. Where indeed? Who knows? Try the London Office. The London Office said you better try the agents (the permanent party organizers) in the various London constituencies; they probably know. You telephoned to a few of them; they are not having many meetings, perhaps three in Battersea, one or two in Clapham, anyhow not until the very end. People don't want to go to meetings any more, now they can sit at home in comfort (the nights are unduly cold this May, also often quite wet) and listen to the radio or look at TV. After many polite, friendly telephone calls, you are sent a mimeographed list of constituencies, with the addresses of local party headquarters: anyone with gumption can do his own work by telephoning to all 42 of them.

The Conservative Party was a lot sharper and brisker than this. Yes, of course, they say, and the next day you get a mimeographed list of speakers, and the date, hour and place of the meetings. This superior organization is evident throughout; the papers note it with a sort of admiring wonder. The Conservatives are out to get the vote. They have neglected none of the traditional aids; the roaming car with loud-speaker, the street-corner or village pump meetings, the house-to-house canvassing, complete with party handbills (so useful for starting the household fires), the small discreet window posters, the indoor meetings, the transport arrangements for getting voters to the polls.

The important point about this election is: everyone wants the same thing—peace and prosperity: it only depends how you mean to get the one and keep the other, and who you want to do the job. The fiercest election controversy for a time was an argument as to which side has been misquoting the prices of bacon and tea and cheese. But then, the deplored, unofficial dock and railway strikes obliterated tea, bacon and cheese. Meantime talk of food well overshadowed talk of the H-bomb. One thing can be safely said about the H-bomb: it hardly fits into daily life, does it? And their own private daily lives

Martha Gellhorn, novelist and magazine writer, is now a correspondent for the New Republic *in England.*

As Miss Gellhorn says in her article, written before the balloting, the Conservative victory with a majority of at least 60 seats was generally anticipated. The immediate effect is bound to be intensification of the struggle between right and left wings of the Labour Party for support of the center. Bevanites and anti-Bevanites will blame each other for the defeat. The best indication of which side will make its case stick lies in the fact that Bevanite candidates did less well than Labour right-wingers. Of the seven most prominent Bevanites, four were re-elected easily, three were barely returned, two were defeated. Of the seven most prominent anti-Bevanites, all were elected with majorities of more than 5,000 votes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The house to house canvassing"

are the main concern of the people in this country. What is the use of winning a war and slogging through austerity for long years after the victory if, at last, you cannot think about chintz curtains and football pools and wage raises, summer holidays and schools for young Timothy?

I managed to find three meetings. They resembled nothing we do and nothing anyone does, except the English. The first I found was in Peckham, one of the many Londons, a solid brick wilderness along the edge of the vast city. It was a Conservative meeting in a permanently Labour constituency. The young Conservative candidate was making his campaign purely as a matter of sport, or for experience, or to keep the blue Conservative rosette flying in enemy territory. The meeting took place in the chilled brick basement of a local school. (Tacked to the wall a homemade crayon flower drawing, labelled helpfully, "Tulip.") There was a Union Jack on the Speaker's table and above it the election poster of Eden, looking handsome, bland, boneless, with the slogan, "Working for Peace." This is a patently true statement, calm and sincere in tone, which is the Tory style for this campaign.

The audience, dressed in those peculiarly English variations of brown, looked exactly like a Labour audience; there were more women than men. The meeting began with a kindly prologue, in refined Cockney, by the chairman, a local Conservative businessman and big shot. He spoke respectfully of the incumbent Labour Member for Peckham and said it didn't matter who got elected as long as Peckham was well represented, which is odd election talk by the standards of any other country.

Then, true to a glorious English streak of dottiness, they presented a refugee Czech. The Czech spoke, with conviction, a heavy accent, and as if to himself, about the dreadful things happening in his country; he traced in detail, including unpronounceable names, the steps that had led to the Communist *coup d'état* in Prague. The tiny audience was restless. A rosy, husky old man stood up and announced he didn't come to hear about Czechoslovakia but about England, he didn't know nothing about Czechoslovakia nor nowhere else and he didn't want to; he thought they was coming here to be told what the Tories would do if they won and he was disgusted, that's what, and he was now leaving and he'd come back when they got talking about England. Enjoyable uproar. The Czech resumed. Another voice announced he was disgusted, he didn't come to hear about Czechoslovakia either. No one had, of course; it was quite incredible to find the poor Czech here on this occasion. Behind us sat a small, bright-eyed, unshaved, poorly-dressed man, who pulled back his raincoat to show a red enamel star pinned to his lapel. "Are you a Communist?" asked the Conservative lady next to me, as if asking about some new kind of dahlia. He nodded and smiled. We looked forward to a merry meeting with good noisy heckling. But the Communist listened to the Czech in silence, and then left; bored, obviously.

After this drab beginning, which cleared the room of the opposition, who went to a neighboring pub and never returned, Sir Beverley Baxter addressed the gathering. According to regular electioneering form, great party names, or as great as can be found, speak for lesser men; they steal the thunder and use the time; the candidate frequently finds himself obliged to repeat or say nothing.

Beverley Baxter, a famous journalist and long-time Conservative M.P., gave a classical English speech: rambling, disorganized, good-natured, cozy; and everyone felt happy. In the course of this talk and for no special reason, he told the finest joke of the week; it concerned Mr. Attlee. Sir Beverley had gone to report a Labour Party convention and was present at a meeting where one Bevanite after another, eight in all, was elected, with thunderous applause, to the party executive committee. While this fire raged around him, Attlee sat on the platform, doodling. At last, he had to speak. The Bevanite triumph was a grave blow to him and to his branch of the Labour Party; Baxter and others, filled with sympathy, could not imagine what the old leader would find to say. Attlee rose into the partisan clamor, and in his unvarying voice began his speech. "We live in a small island with scarcely any resources except coal and fish."

Nothing else of any value happened at Peckham that night. We agreed that the Conservative candidate was a fellow who could talk you to death. Peckham was safe for Labour as of yore.

THEN there were two meetings in one night, in Hammersmith, nearer the heart of London, but a working-class sector on the whole. The first, a Conservative meeting, took place in Hammersmith town hall, a modern brick edifice, costly and grand. The speakers, Conservative Minister of Transport and the young pretender, spoke calmly and sensibly, giving many facts on the successful Conservative regime just ended; 300,000 houses a year, the end of rationing, peace in Korea and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indo-China and top level talks on the way, the sad and dangerous division within the Labour Party (Aneurin Bevan is the Tories' best un-secret weapon), the proved value of Sir Anthony Eden as a leader. They droned pleasantly on in their educated voices, and everyone listened as if in church. The audience was modest-income Conservative, with surprises. In front of us sat a colored couple: African, West Indian? The backs of their heads were superbly un-English; they sat with their shoulders tightly touching and did not move a muscle for nearly two hours.

THE second meeting that night was a great Labour Rally in a Hammersmith theatre. Whether it was news to everyone or only to your reporter, this meeting proved to be a reunion and chumming up, on one platform, of Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Attlee. There was a huge, active, jolly crowd. In the lobby, election posters showed Mr. Attlee, looking almost tipsy-sprightly, with the inscription, " You Can Trust Mr. Attlee." Which is also a perfectly true statement and no one, certainly not the Tories, would dispute it. The vital question, in and out of the Labour Party, seems to be: do you trust Mr. Bevan too?

On the stage, amongst a suitable platform crowd, was Mr. Bevan, with his striking grey head and strong red face. The Hammersmith candidate talked away, to an accompaniment of amiable heckling and encouragement, and no one seemed interested. Suddenly there was a straggling effort at "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and scattered applause. Mr. Attlee, due to arrive and make his third election speech that night, was in the house. But where? It is hard to give a man an ovation if you know he's around somewhere but you can't see him. Anti-climax piled on anti-climax, until the whole meeting turned into a delicious disorganized joke. A plank had been laid from the stage box to the stage; the idea was, perhaps, that Mr. and Mrs. Attlee would walk this plank into the waiting and welcoming arms of Mr. Bevan. Apparently Mr. and Mrs. Attlee did not like the looks of that improvised plank; they tried to find their way backstage. Nothing happened. Each member of the party on the stage went in search of them, one by one; the rest stood waiting; the audience applauded, craned necks, laughed. Mr. Bevan looked at his watch, giving the clear impression of a man doing a foolish and irritating duty. At last Mr. and Mrs. Attlee were hauled on stage. This wonderful disarray must have lasted nearly 10 minutes.

Mr. Attlee began to speak in a most energetic manner; he was sure that Labour would win this election. Everyone felt cheered and bucked up. But he soon settled down; good and admirable generalities and a few facts about education or pensions; there was heckling, which he hardly noticed. The speech cannot have excited anyone, but no one expects to be excited by Mr. Attlee. He is less like a politician than any politician of his stature anywhere in the world; it remains one of the permanent English mysteries that this quiet, bourgeois, peaceloving, uninspiring man has for so long been the leader of the only English revolutionary party.

Mr. Attlee finished; you knew this had happened because he stopped talking. He hurried away, accompanied by Mrs. Attlee who looked pretty in black and white, not a bit stylish, and who wore an expression of loving and anxious pride. On his way out, Mr. Attlee shook hands with Mr. Bevan. The quickest and least dramatic handshake possible. Loud applause. The meeting broke up. No one ended it. A sense of theatre, in politics, is most un-English.

Those are typical meetings. Quiet everywhere. How can you work up excitement when there are no issues? A Tory peer remarked, the other day, that it was certainly a contrast to the fine bad days of 1945, when the unfortunate candidates started by saying "Ladies and Gentlemen" and that was the last thing you heard. Now, he went on, if Attlee and Morrison were taken into the new Conservative government which will (all agree) surely be elected, they would be unnoticeable, and probably a lot happier than in a government of their own.

THIS year, as an added attraction to the muted meetings, we have TV. Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Attlee, Dr. Edith Summerskill (who started the one and only excitement, about bacon), Sir Anthony Eden and a panel of cabinet ministers being questioned by a panel of editors. The TV shows are deadly. The press never stops saying how deadly they are. The public hardly seems to notice, but perhaps they are not listening to what sounds like a sleepy affable mumble. (Except, of course, for food prices.) When sitting before their TV sets, they look, not listen. And, in a general spirit of good nature, they seem to like everyone. Mr. MacMillan is handsome and Etonian, as befits a Tory Foreign Minister; Mr. Attlee looks very nice with his pipe, and Mrs. Attlee very nice and wifely; Sir Anthony Eden looks weary but pleasant, and his ministers all smile a lot and look confident and like good family doctors; the editors are suitably unfashionable and wordy and look oddly like working reporters, not editors. It is doubtful whether a single vote has been won or lost by these docile TV shows.

In the end, in England, when you want to find out how people are feeling, you always go to the pubs. It was in the pubs, at the height of the blitz, that people were saying, "Little ole 'Itler can't take much more of this." There is always a quiet shapeless flow of talk in the pubs, slow talk over slow beers, and this talk may rightly be considered the pulse of the nation.

These people, in the working-class pubs, look as if they had been invented by Charles Dickens and Carol Reed, and they talk their own dialect with the tongues of angels.

In Highgate, a woman of 65, out on a birthday party with a lady friend of hers, also 65 (three gins to cele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brate), declared that no one could afford these new Council houses the Tories had built; they cost 21 and 24 and 28 shillings a week, no working-class person could, anyhow. They'd put her in one, not a new one, and it cost 14 shillings a week. "What's it like?" I asked, expecting a blast. "Quoite noice," she said, "Reelly very noice. Two rooms and a scullery. I can't complain." Still, she was a Labour woman. Still, "we wouldn't loike to lose Anthony Eden, would we? He's a fine peaceful-living man." Her friend said they had more money now than they'd ever had, and it didn't mean a thing; but she seemed neither surprised nor upset by this gloomy conclusion.

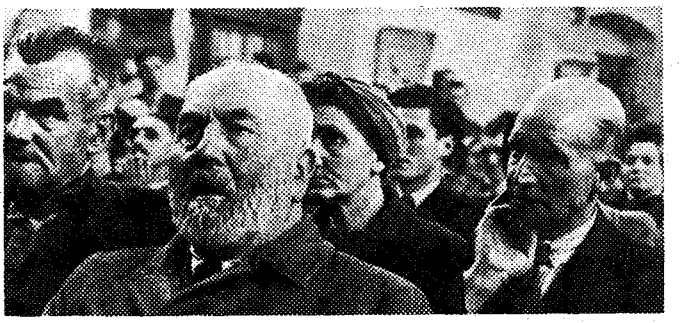
In another pub a subway conductor, soft-spoken, gentle, remarked, "There's no difference between the parties now, that's why no one's interested." "How about Irish Partition?" asked a happy drunk Irishman who had been offering all of us beers. No one accepted his offer, since he would miss the money in the sober morning. "It's not an issue this time," the subway man said. "I fought in the English army and the American army," the Irishman said, "And I can prove it. What did I fight for? The freedom of small nations, that's what. Why the hell can't they start near home with the freedom of small nations? That's what I'm asking you." This seemed good stuff, like elections, but it could not go far, considering that no party had mentioned the subject, except the Communists who favor a free Ireland, and since the Irish are all Roman Catholics they are not going to vote Communist, so that is that.

The pub keeper, a man who owns a car, said, "It don't matter who gets in, dear, they cawn't do much." He went on to say that no one was talking about the elections, "We English don't like a fuss and arguments," and besides "everything is pretty good now, very good, you can say. There'll always be grumblers but with the wages people are getting, what is there to talk about?" What they have been talking about steadily, before, during and after, is the Cockell-Marciano fight, apparently the one subject of great international interest. A sturdy housewife, clutching a paper parcel of fish and chips, departed, saying, "Well, God bless, boys. Don't get excited." As if they would, not about politics this year anyhow. An old man, with the kind of good serene face you so often see bent over a half pint, said, "There's going to be a slump, if the Tories or the Socialists get in. Unless something happens, there's a bumb going to drop here and a war starts or somepin." No one was a bit worried, either by the thought of a slump or a bumb, but all had another round of that remarkable flat beer.

Farther down in Camden Town, at another pub, a picturesque and shabby character announced, "The English are a very slow class of people," and went on to say that "We English, we believe in every man making up his own mind, like. We want to buy our paper and have a bit of a read and think about it and then we want to go and put in our vote. In my bit of a house, my wife's Liberal and my niece what lives with us is Conservative and I'm Labour and we got a biggish window so we got all three of them posters up." A dock worker from East Ham also spoke of freedom. "You'll never find the English going Communist," he said. "We don't like it. It's not true Communism, it's dictatorial. We want to say what we think. I'm a republican myself and I don't like the Royal Family. They all look as if a good day's work would kill them. But most of the people like them, so we got them; but I can say what I think about it. You ever been to the Channel Islands? I'm going there for me holidays, I go every year. It's paradise." "How do they vote there?" I asked. "Oh vote," he said, "It's a feudal system, like; you wouldn't understand it."

We moved to a scruffy little coffee bar, after pub closing time, and sat at a smeared table and tried to drink the nastiest coffee on earth, and talked about the election, and the calm of it, and whether the pub chaps were right in thinking that the Tories would win a bigger majority if election day was sunny, because Labour doesn't mind getting wet when it votes but Tories do. Beside us a small man with an illuminated smile and ill-fitting spectacles and a foul-looking meat pie, listened and then remarked, "I believe that everything that happens to us is meant to happen to us, so we can learn from it. There's a reason; all we have to do is find out the reason. And I think that everyone in the world has intelligence and some kind of gift." We stared at him with admiration and pleasure, and, wanting his opinion, I asked, "Are you interested in the election?" "Not particularly," he said. "I'm interested in learning."

Rubbing together, as they have for centuries, in their small island, sustained by coal and fish, the English have become inextricably united, althought totally un-uniform. No party can rule for one class of the population. The rulers have less and less choice, it would seem: each party is forever saddled with the others successful reforms, each must rescue the others' mistakes. And any government must provide what all England wants: peace, not an ideal peace, but a possible workable peace in an un-ideal world, and prosperity, nothing flashy, no sudden riches, but this gradual betterment which gives everyone a bit of his own kind of ease, and time and chance for a reasonable joy in life.



"Everyone listened, as if in church"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Democrats Like Ike

They Never Had It So Good

by Gerald W. Johnson

In *The Prosecution Rests*, Elizabeth Donahue charged two weeks ago that Senate Democratic leadership has allowed investigations of the Eisenhower Administration to come to nothing. The *Louisville Courier-Journal's* Robert L. Riggs last week examined Congress' voting record and reported that "not only do the Democrats like Ike better than the Republicans do, but they also like what Ike likes better than do most members of his party." Here, historian Gerald W. Johnson ponders the question *why* Democratic leadership is so kind to the leader of the opposition party.

As LONG as Sen. Walter George (D, Ga.) can override President Eisenhower (R, Pa.) on foreign policy, and Sen. Lyndon Johnson (D, Tex.) can override the President on domestic policy, why should either Senator yearn to see installed in the White House a man (D, US) who might insist on overriding them both?

The answer to that question solves the mystery of why, in ex-President Truman's tart phrase, "mealy-mouthed Senators kiss Ike on both cheeks." They do not have to be mealy-mouthed, they have only to be Senators (D) to find the present situation so much to their liking as to make them view with distaste the prospect of any change. For these are Democrats-in-Congress, and the interests of Democrats-period do not coincide exactly with those of Democrats-in-Congress. Democrats-period are not involved in the perennial warfare between White House and Hill, so their attitudes are not affected by the exigencies of that war, as those of Democrats-in-Congress are bound to be.

One of the oddest of American political hypocrisies is that of ignoring this blatant feature of our political system, or, when it cannot be ignored, of deprecating it as a late development that should have been prevented. As regards Eisenhower and Dulles perhaps "hypocrisy" is an unjust term; both are probably sincere in their belief that the war between Executive and Legislative was largely the invention of Harry S. Truman and that their vocation is to suppress it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The war has always raged when there were strong men at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. Remember the revolt of Alben Barkley against F. D. Roosevelt. Remember Wilson's "little group of willful men." Remember Theodore Roosevelt's Big Stick. Remember the State Department official (John Hay?) quoted by Henry Adams: "The way to deal with a Congressman is to take a stick and hit him on the snout." Remember Cleveland's comment when Senator Gorman (D, Md.) sabotaged the tariff bill: "Party perfidy and party dishonor." I pass over as too obvious the resounding battles of the Andrews, Johnson and Jackson, to cite the fact that the war was already on in the Administration of the second President, John Adams. If it was not conspicuous in the first Administration, the reason is that the overwhelming prestige of General Washington suppressed it.

Strife so persistent must have some cause other than the accident of personality, and in this case it is not hard to find. War between the President and Congress was clearly foreseen before the Constitution was ratified; and the Founding Fathers, far from being dismayed by the prospect, did their able best to insure its perpetuity for it was their high hope that neither would ever win.

"It will not be denied that power is of an encroaching nature," wrote Madison in *The Federalist*, No. 48, "and that it ought to be effectually restrained from passing the limits assigned to it." The framers of the Constitution cherished no illusions of their ability to alter the nature of power, so, according to Madison:

> After discriminating, therefore, in theory, the several classes of power, as they may in their nature be legislative, executive or judiciary, the next and most difficult task is to provide some practical security for each, against the invasion of the others.

No written or printed words in any document ever restrained active power, as the framers of the Constitution well knew; only opposing strength ever did it or ever will. As *The Federalist* No. 51 puts it:

> The great security against a gradual concentration of the several powers in the same department, consists in giving to those who administer each department the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments of others.

Mark the words, "and personal motives." James Madison and his colleagues understood the truth in the adage that you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. They realized that you can elect a man to the White House, but you can't make him President. He must do that for himself by resisting the encroachments of those who aspire to purloin his authority and exercise it themselves; and as they are ubiquitous and sempiternal, war against them must be everlasting.

But if war between the executive and legislative is normal, it is also non-partisan. A Senator aspires to sequestrate the Presidential power not because he is a Democrat or a Republican, but because he is a Senator.

For example, the majority leader of the Senate under ordinary conditions must yield a certain outward deference to the man in the White House. Tradition always required it, and since Woodrow Wilson boldly proclaimed himself leader of the party, party discipline has also required it. Knowland (R, Cal.), for instance, when he was majority leader could, and did, sink the knife into one after another of Eisenhower's pet projects, but he had to do it smilingly with protestations of high admiration and undying friendship. Which is enough to make a man "howl for vexation of spirit."

Now observe the present majority leader, Lyndon Johnson. The President belongs to the opposition, therefore neither tradition nor party discipline compels Johnson to pay him any deference whatever. Even when he brings up his cohorts to snatch the President from the jaws of defeat, as he has done again and again, he can do it scowlingly, proclaiming in stentorian tones that he hates to let Eisenhower get away with anything, but that he really must save the country from the depraved and devilish minions of the GOP. He enjoys his role, as who wouldn't?

As if this were not enough to assure the happiness of any politician, Destiny, in this instance, has proceeded to paint the lily. Not only is the President of the opposition, but he is one who obdurately refused to be President even when his own party held control of Congress. Both he and his Secretary of State seem to hug the delusion that war between the White House and the Hill, far from being a normal and salutary state of affairs, is deplorable and to be avoided at practically any cost. Eisenhower is not the only President who has babbled of team play, but he is highly original in his conception of team play with nobody calling the signals; all of which contributes to Senator Johnson's ease in Zion.

Finally, this President is one of those—Buchanan, for instance, and old Tippecanoe—who came to the White House with no policies of their own and leading a party too badly split to be able to agree on any coherent program. Lacking ideas and unable to acquire any from his party, he pursued the only rational course open to him by adopting such as were already current and more or less tested. Four-fifths of them, naturally, were ideas of the party that had been in power for the previous 20 years.

What duck-soup for a Democratic majority leader! To be able to further the major part of the party program without paying even lip-service to the man in the White House; to act as Eisenhower's shield and buckler and yet be at perfect liberty to denounce Eisenhower; in short, to be as independent as a hog on ice is really too much felicity for mortal man. Senator Johnson may well beware of the anger of the jealous gods.

What goes for him also goes *mutatis mutandis* for Speaker Rayburn and all the other high-ranking leaders of the Democrats-in-Congress. To expect them to upset this blissful arrangement by pressing indelicate questions about Dixon-Yates, or the numbers game, or the power grabs in the West, or the looting of the forest and mineral reserves, is to demand too much of human nature.

Some, indeed, are dreaming rosy dreams of its indefinite prolongation. Why not re-elect Ike with a Democratic Congress in 1956? If at first this seems to indicate that the prevailing euphoria is passing into the manic stage, pause to consider that it does reconcile two apparently contradictory oracles. One of them is the consistently Democratic trend of by-elections both before and after 1954. The other, apparently contradicting it, is the report of the public-opinion Chaldeans and soothsayers that Eisenhower is as popular as ever. But if Democrats-period were really as content with the present set-up as Democrats-in-Congress are, both could be accepted.

The large and repulsive bluebottle in the vaseline is "that name of thunder," Gettysburg. This is popularly regarded as a Republican worry exclusively, but if Ike follows the calf, then of course it will be necessary to elect a Democratic President to assure a Democratic Congress; and with a Democratic President the Senator's halcyon days would be over.

This bleak prospect must be accepted, but there is a slight chance that it may be somewhat ameliorated. If it becomes essential to elect a Democrat, it does not necessarily follow that he need be much of a Democrat, or much of anything. It need not be, for example, Stevenson. Next to four years more of Ike, what would gratify Democrats-in-Congress most would be four years of a Democratic Coolidge. A President with no perceptible popular strength is a very slight check on ambitious Senators of any party.

Here is the explanation of what some reporters have noted as an oddity in current politics—Democratic tenderness toward Ike running parallel with Democratic ruthlessness toward Stevenson. But it isn't odd, it is perfectly natural. If they handled Ike roughly they might break him, in which there is no percentage at all. If they don't handle Stevenson roughly now, after 1957 he may break them. And, in Mr. Dooley's famous closing words, there y'are.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Varieties of Religious Revival

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

NO ONE can question the fact that we are experiencing a marked increase of interest in religion if not a revival of religious faith. The interpretations of the causes and possible consequences of this phenomenon may differ. It may be viewed with contradictory emotions of satisfaction or alarm by those who rather too simply regard religion as *per se* either good or bad. But about the evidences of this revival there can be no doubt.

Both church statistics and public-opinion polls, as well as the sale of religious literature, can be regarded as telling evidence. Church membership in the three faiths of Catholicism, Judaism and Protestantism has reached the surprising percentage of 60 percent of the population. It is also significant that 15 percent more of the population actually claim to be members of congregations than the church statistics actually establish. There need not be any dishonesty in this claim as there are many forms of tenuous relation to religious congregations. But the fact that the claim should exceed the church's own statistics throws a significant light on the temper of our time.

The popularity of television and radio religious broadcasts need not be numbered among the significant indices. One of the most successful television "performers" is a Catholic bishop. Catholicism, however, has preserved its monolithic strength in the various climates of modern culture; and there is no evidence that the popularity of a television bishop has enhanced its influence. It merely proves that dramatic gifts in a television age are able to win a wide "audience." The sale of religious books, running into millions of copies for the "best sellers," may be a more important index, though this index immediately confronts us with the problem of gauging the inner significance of the current revival. For the most popular books on religion will be regarded by both the religious and the irreligious as evidence of the spread of a very dubious religion. Beginning with the best seller from the pen of the late Rabbi Joshua Liebman in 1946, and culminating in the phenomenal sale of the books by Norman Vincent Peale, this religious literature must be regarded as evidence of a rather frantic effort of the naturally optimistic American soul to preserve its optimism in the age of anxiety.

The themes of "peace of mind" and "positive thinking" either express a religion of self-assurance or they are pious guides to personal success. They can not be taken seriously by responsible religious or secular people because they do not come to terms with the basic collective problems of our atomic age, and because the peace which they seek to inculcate is rather too simple and neat. It is not like the "peace of God which passeth understanding." That peace passes understanding precisely because it is a peace with pain in it. The pain is caused by love and responsibility. In short, many of the indices of religiosity point to types of religion which are only remotely related to the main themes of the historic faiths. Interest in them can not, therefore, be attributed to a revival of these faiths.

The popularity of evangelists such as Billy Graham in Europe, as well as in America, is a quite different index of religious interest, but probably the interest is not as significant as usually assumed. Billy Graham expounds a fundamentalist version of the Christian faith. His faith is certainly superior to the success cults. It expresses some of the central themes of the Christian faith. He demands that men be confronted with God in Christ; and hopes that this confrontation will lead to conversion. Billy Graham carries on the traditions of our old frontier evangelistic piety, probably on a higher level than Billy Sunday achieved a generation back. Such evangelism may discipline certain disordered individual lives. But the secular critics of religion do not have to take seriously a version of the Christian faith which suggests that the dilemma of our age is due to a "wickedness" which conversion can cure.

Billy Graham sincerely carries on the individualistic and perfectionist illusions of the evangelistic Christianity of the old "Bible Belt." The moral dilemmas of the atomic age are certainly among the causes of the decay of secular religious alternatives to the historic faiths. But

The vogue of religiosity in America, apparent in the popularity of *The Power of Positive Thinking* as well as in the deference paid publicly to religion by prominent political figures, is here compared by Reinhold Niebuhr with the more profound evidences of a contemporary revival of interest in religion. A professor at the Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Niebuhr is the author of *The Self and the Dramas of History* and of *Christian Realism and Political Problems* and editor of *Christianity and Society*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this kind of simple religious moralism was ironically refuted on a recent week-end when Billy Graham preached to the President in the morning and appeared on a television program in the afternoon. On television he suggested that conversion to Christianity could solve the problem of the hydrogen bomb. He preached to a President whose loyalty board had eliminated a very high-minded scientist from our atomic energy program because *inter alia* he was not sufficiently "enthusiastic" about the production of the hydrogen bomb.

One wonders what the President thought about this curious juxtaposition of events. But at any rate, it is obvious that contemporary moral dilemmas refute both the secular and the religious moralists who think that we could solve our problems if either "evil" men would become "good" or "ignorant" men "intelligent." There is always validity in the religious challenge, which converts drunkards and adulterers from their evil ways, and which convicts all of us who regard ourselves as "normal" of really being quite self-centered. But any religious or secular interpretation of life which would solve our collective moral and political dilemmas simply either by conversion or enlightenment has obviously not measured the depth of the problem.

Reference to President Eisenhower's devotion to Billy Graham suggests another index of the religious revival which may well leave both the religious and the secularists somewhat apprehensive. I refer to the development of the idea that the religious faith is a part of the "American way of life." Foreign observers are baffled by this phenomenon in a nation which they regard as, in many respects, the most "secular" of all cultures and which certainly is, in the sense that it is more technocratic than any European culture, and reveals fewer evidences of religious influence upon its traditions. But we Americans have somehow combined good plumbing with religious faith in the "American way of life."

The British scholar D. W. Brogan reported with some surprise that one of our railroads printed a grace on its dining-car menus. That is merely a little index of the prevailing mood. The political conventions of 1952, both Democratic and Republican, with their long prayers by representatives of the three faiths were better indices. And these indices, incidentally, revealed how easily this official religion may become a source of complacency. For the prayers usually thanked God for the blessings of freedom in our land and suggested that we were the elect nation to combat the Communist devil. My friend, Will Herberg, has observed how conventional it has become to give the three historic faiths an equal share in this official religion, thereby revealing one of its few virtues. Tolerance has become officially blessed, and no religion has any prestige or pre-eminence above the others.

President Eisenhower is himself the best exemplar of this quasi-official recognition of religious faith, and Sen. Matthew Neeley's public challenge of the President's sincerity seems to me unjust or at least unsubstantiated. The President seems quite sincere in the espousal of the somewhat vague religion which he expresses. It is "faith" itself which he advocates and not faith in any particular religion. Sometimes it is faith in America, sometimes it is faith in the "dignity of man," and sometimes it is faith in democracy. As a matter of fact, this official faith, being partly in democracy itself and partly in the dignity of man, which is presupposed in a democratic society, is a rather accurate reflection of the confluence of the streams of French enlightenment and of Christian thought which have been merged in the American ethos, to the confusion of foreign observers. President Eisenhower is alleged to have baffled some officials of the World Council of Churches by impassioned avowals of faith in the dignity of man, which he declared to be the common possession of all historic faiths, but which he alleged to have come to its most perfect expression in the French and American Revolution. The catch in this merger of faiths, which may explain why there is so much common humanitarianism in our country which is not specifically Christian or specifically secular, is that the French enlightenment and, for that matter, the deistic thought which informed the idealism of Jefferson and Washington, did indeed believe in the "dignity of man"; but it specifically disavowed that part of the Biblical doctrine which affirms, in Pascal's phrase, the "dignity and the misery of man," and which holds that man's freedom, as distinguished from other creatures, has the possibility of both good and evil in it. A stable democracy must, indeed, accord man a dignity which the totalitarian regimes outrage; but it must also guard against the self-regard which wells up spontaneously among men and which does not explain evil in history. Thus, the official religion perpetuates the idea that democracy is possible only upon the basis of illusions about human nature.

That the official religious atmosphere may generate an undue complacency and conformity is illustrated by the authenticated story that a group of churchmen, worried about our foreign policy, were reassured in Washington, or their reassurance was attempted, by accounts of the President's piety.

The Refutation of Secular Religions

But an analysis of the dubious and even dangerous manifestations of modern religiosity has not brought us closer to the real religious issue of our day, nor explained the real revival of interest in, if not adherence to, the historic Christian and Jewish faiths. One index of that genuine revival is the increased interest in religious courses in our colleges and universities and the increased sympathy for religious faith among "intellectuals." The fact is that the religious faith which was regarded as completely outmoded in the days when those of us who are now old were in college, has become a live option, not only for the "simple and the credulous" but for the sophisticated. How can we explain that startling change?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps one inclusive answer can be given: the secular alternatives to the historic faiths have been refuted by history. These secular alternatives were also "religions" in the sense that they answered the question about the meaning of human existence. They answered the question in terms of simple rational intelligibility rather than in terms of that paradoxical combination of mystery and meaning which characterizes the Biblical faiths. These Biblical faiths believe in a God who can not be quite comprehended, in the "mystery" of creation, and in the mystery of redemption and revelation. In the Christian faith, the crux of the revelation of the divine mystery is asserted to be an historical drama in which the relation between the divine justice and mercy is revealed in such a way that those who confront the divine through this revelation are at once convicted of their sin and forgiven so that they can walk in "newness of life."

THE mystery of creation seemed an otiose remnant of ignorance when either Newton or Darwin explained the sequences of the world in terms of efficient cause. The mystery of divine providence was regarded as irrelevant when the meaning of both life and history could be discerned by the fact of "progress" in history. The idea of historical progress became the effective religion and hope of redemption of all modern men. Nor was the human self an enigma, since the curious identity of the individual could be correlated either to reason or to nature; and lost in either coherence. Above all, there was no mystery about the cause and source of evil in human life and history, since evil could be ascribed to many specific causes: the lag of social institutions, the lag of nature itself, bad government, faulty education and ignorance. The sense of guilt which has dogged mankind through the ages seemed finally to have become passé, particularly after Freudian psychology reduced it to neurotic guilt.

One can not understand the spiritual climate of our time if one does not see how catastrophically modern man's experience of contemporary history has refuted all the secular securities which had been established irrefutably in the past two centuries. History was not so simply redemptive as the progressive interpretations of its course assumed. The growth of human freedom did not guarantee the triumph of virtue. It made for the growth of both good and evil; scientific progress promised *both* world-wide community and global wars with fearful atomic weapons of destruction. History proved not to be an answer to the human problem. On the contrary, it progressively accentuated the problem. The old symbol of the climax of history consisting of the engagement between Christ and anti-Christ seemed strangely more relevant to our experience than all the progressive interpretations of the nineteenth century.

Modern experience has refuted the conceptions of human nature held by the nineteenth century even more catastrophically than the conceptions of history. Evil seems so inextricably mixed with the good in the same man and the same culture. The springs of evil seem so much more ineradicable than the apostles of the Enlightenment thought.

In describing the spiritual climate of Cambridge University at the turn of the century, the late Lord Keynes accurately defines the combination of moral idealism and moral complacency, which in this particular instance flowered under the influence of Moore's *Principia Ethica*. "We repudiated," writes Keynes in his memoir on *My Early Beliefs*, "every version of the doctrine of original sin, of there being irrational and insane springs of wickedness in most men. We were not aware that civilization was a thin and precarious crust erected by the will and personality of a very few, and only maintained by rules and conventions, skillfully preserved and guilefully put across. We had no respect for traditional wisdom and conventional restraints." It is perhaps significant that Keynes' description of the naïvetés of his youth fails, even in the mature wisdom of a man extraordinarily wise, to measure to full depth the problem of historic evil. For he thinks that evil arises from the "insane" and "irrational" impulses of all but the very few. Actually, all men, even the most virtuous and wise, are implicated in historic evil, whether by the residual parochialism of their vision or by the individual or collective self-regard of their ambitions.

In every case, the nineteenth century had identified the meaning of existence with some simply intelligible scheme of wisdom or virtue. In every case, our contemporary experience refuted the scheme and provided a much less intelligible but more adequate scheme of meaning in which mystery was mixed with meaning in a bewildering way. This is the real basis for the revival of religion.

We would not give the complete description of these ironies if one other aspect of the situation were not included. That is the relation of the Marxist alternative to these liberal schemes of redemption.

Many people in the past two centuries were prompted either by tragic experiences or by superior "realism" to challenge the liberal version of human perfectibility and a progressive history. They saw not disinterested intelligence, but the "ideological taint" in all human motives. Instead of the gradual triumph of democratic justice, it seemed more realistic to accept the Marxist version of history, according to which the seeming harmonies of our society would blow up in a catastrophic climax, out of which would emerge a really just and peaceful society. Certainly the most tragic aspect of our contemporary history is the fact that this supposedly more realistic account of human nature and history proved to be even more grievously mistaken than the liberal dream. Out of it developed the nightmare of tyranny which now engages us. In short, both alternative secular religions have been discredited by history. The shock of this refutation is actually worse than the actual experiences through which they have been refuted.

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mystery and Meaning of Faith

The refutation of alternative religions does not prove the original historic religions to be true. But it does make them a more relevant option than was believed even two decades ago. This accounts for the religious revival insofar as that revival is grounded in wisdom and moral experience, rather than in mere fears and anxieties.

It is not possible to appreciate the full pathos of the refutation of the secular alternative explanations of the meaning of our existence if we do not recognize the important fact that the historic faiths are hardly prepared to accept the potential believers.

It is not necessary, or possible, to gauge the availability of Catholicism for moderns except to observe that it has preserved the religious substance of an age-old faith very successfully; but its authoritarian form and its frank defiance of the whole of modern culture (particularly since its deification of the Virgin Mary) makes the return to it impossible for anyone but a very desperate modern.

The Jewish faith has been shaken by the success of the Zionist enterprise. It is possible to invest religious capital in a desperate political venture. But when the venture succeeds, its very political success makes it religiously dubious. The state of Israel is an inspiring political and moral achievement. But it is hardly a proper object of religious devotion.

But it is with the Protestant situation that we are particularly concerned, not only because Protestantism is numerically the dominant form of faith in this country, but also because we are more conversant with its problems. In Protestantism particularly, we face the paradox that its numerical triumphs in our era have been due not so much to religious as to social factors. Will Herberg is probably right in asserting that the chief cause of the growth of the religious communities is the desire of "belonging" which men feel, particularly in the anonymity of our urban centers. It is certainly a great achievement of all faiths that they have made a technical civilization sufferable by building integral communities which saved men from the anonymity of the mass. But is Protestantism prepared to give the answer about the meaning of life, which the secular religions have answered so mistakenly that experience has refuted them? One is embarrassed in answering this question. For one part of Protestantism has preserved the Biblical answer in such culturally obscurantist terms that anyone who is conversant with the known facts of nature and history as disclosed in a scientific age will not find the answer plausible. The other part was so anxious to come to terms with modern culture that it embraced the very illusions, the refutation of which has created the spiritual crisis of our time. It believed in the perfectibility of man and tended to regard the evil in man as but the "inheritance from Neanderthal man." It thought that the cultural and natural lag was responsible for evils which, as we now know, grow with the growth of man's freedom over nature.

Protestantism frequently was reduced to but a pious form of idealism in which the ultimate perplexities of both death and sin were obscured; and in which the "gospel" of divine forgiveness to sinful man seemed to be unnecessary. Thus, the promising movement called the "social gospel" which tried to rescue Protestantism from an irrelevant individualism and quietism is now almost as discredited as the secular faiths. For one part of the social gospel nourished the regnant liberal illusions about human nature, and a smaller, and presumably more "realistic," part embraced the Marxist creed in its various versions. A few were even caught in the toils of the Stalinist version.

Of course, cultural obscurantism and a secularized idealism do not exhaust the alternatives developed in the Protestant Church. Many churches preserved the substance of the Christian gospel, and they are ready to mediate the age-old answer to the human problem which is given in Biblical faith, and which has achieved a new relevance in a day in which the ambiguity of all human virtue, the fragmentariness of all human wisdom, and the brevity of all human life is shown as man's perennial fate.

THE revival of religious faith today, despite the traditional and modern corruptions of religious faith, proves that the enigmas of history, of man's freedom and responsibility and of his guilt, can not be solved as easily as modern culture assumed. The human being develops grace and wisdom by discerning the meaning of existence in a realm of mystery, and meaning by a commitment of faith. He is conscious of a responsible freedom which is not easily explained in any system of coherence, elaborated by either the philosophies or the sciences; and he knows himself to be guilty, ultimately considered, and therefore in need of forgiveness. This mystery and meaning of freedom, sin, and grace are the perennial sources of the religious life. They have expressed themselves anew against the prejudices of a secular age.

It must, however, be recognized that the only religious faith which can be the source of charity and wisdom is one which knows the religious life itself to be as ambiguous as all human life is. The worship of God may generate fanaticism rather than charity if God is claimed too simply as the ally of our cause against the foe.

This recognition of the ambiguity in the religious life itself must include an appreciation of the contributions which secular protests against religion have made and are making to the purification of religion; and of the necessity of all forms of rational discipline for the guidance of man in the moral and social complexities of our common life. This appreciation does not, however, invalidate the witness of a genuine religion against secular aberrations which deny the dignity of man and subordinate him to a social or political process, or which make the worship of reason the basis of a new fanatic unreasonableness, as grievous as the old religious fanaticism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & COMMENT

Mary Pickford: The Little Girl in Curls

by Delmore Schwartz

MARY PICKFORD'S autobiography, *Sunshine and Shadow*, is fascinating and valuable in a variety of important ways. It is full of material for the historian, the sociologist, the psychologist, and the student of American civilization and popular culture. And in another kind of review it would be possible to deal at length with Miss Pickford's friendships, her travels, her relationships with David Belasco, Mack Sennett, Samuel Goldwyn, D. W. Griffith, Ernst Lubitsch, her meetings with Rudolph Valentino, Woodrow Wilson, Einstein, George Bernard Shaw, Eisenstein and particularly her friendship with Charlie Chaplin. What Miss Pickford omits is at times almost as important as what she includes: she says nothing of having written a novel, and almost nothing about her two books of personal philosophy which indicated how little fulfillment she found in fame. She scarcely speaks of other female stars, except for Pearl White and a passing reference to Clare Boothe, whom she identifies in a characteristic way as "later to become a famous playwright and ambassador"; and it is equally characteristic that when she tells of her meeting with Shaw she should remember two objects on his desk: a bust of Shakespeare and an Academy Award Oscar. So, too, a paragraph about how "I raised $5,000,000 in one afternoon and evening in Pittsburgh during the Liberty Bond Drive," is immediately followed by "another child's role that I played when I was an adult was Sarah Crew of *The Little Princess*." There is an unintended precision here, for in both instances Miss Pickford was playing a starring part before an enthralled audience.

Sunshine and Shadow, by Mary Pickford (Random House; $4.95).

What is most valuable for the purpose of understanding the motion pictures is Miss Pickford's experience of stardom and its overwhelming effect upon her attitude toward herself. The fabulous identity of the star continues to be the most powerful and tyrannical of influences in determining the quality of a film; as Miss Pickford shows, the star's identity intervenes not only in her private life, but in the choice of scripts, the character of the direction, the camera work, the acting and the attention given to other players until, sooner or later, the star becomes the prisoner of her own stardom forever.

Miss Pickford had to continue to play the part of America's sweetheart through most of her career, as Greta Garbo had to play the part, in all her films, of an imaginary being named Greta Garbo, and as Marilyn Monroe will be Marilyn Monroe in all her films. In fact, at one point Miss Pickford says: "If reincarnation should prove to be true and I had to come back as one of my roles, I suppose that some avenging fate would return me to earth as Pollyanna, 'the glad girl'," and this is only one instance of Miss Pickford's strong sense of stardom as destiny.

Cecil B. de Mille's foreword to Miss Pickford's book shows a like attitude. Mr. de Mille either failed to read Miss Pickford's book to the end or forgot what he read: but it does not matter at all; the meaningfulness of his remarks remains important enough to quote at length:

> I do not know who first called Mary Pickford America's sweetheart [Miss Pickford provides a detailed account], but whoever it was put in two words the most remarkable personal achievement in the history of motion pictures . . . Mary Pickford [has] on the screen the absolutely unique position which no actress can challenge . . . she was one of the . . . handful in any generation who fire the imagination of millions because, somehow, they respond to something very deep in the hearts of their contemporaries . . . the explanation of her enduring career [is that she] typified, more than anyone else in motion pictures, the kind of person we all want to love.

This suggests what the scripts of Miss Pickford's films bear out, that the kind of a person we all want to love is out of reach, except upon the screen. And Mr. de Mille's sensitivity is such that, fearing his reference to Miss Pickford on the screen may be misunderstood or understood in a privative sense, he immediately hastens to add that those who have known Miss Pickford personally know that "the public's image of her is a true one." And then Mr. de Mille speaks of an occasion in 1953, twenty years after Miss Pickford's last film was released, when he appeared with Miss Pickford on radio and TV and he spoke of how long he had been a friend of hers:

> She seemed a little dismayed . . . perhaps it was ungallant of me not to explain to the vast audience that when Mary and I first played together on the New York stage, Mary had the part of my very much younger sister. But Mary should not be worried about anyone's counting the years. It will be a good many years before she is as old as I am now: but even then she will still be the image of childhood.

Thus Mr. de Mille's attitude matches Miss Pickford's view of reincarnation: both ascertain the notion that the universe may be casting the stars their parts for eternity. Whatever Mr. de Mille's literal belief, it is unimportant compared with his desire to say what he does say and his sense that what he asserts is desirable. For it is not immortality, but an immortal childhood which he confers upon Miss Pickford. It is possible to identify his sentiment with the mode of being which Keats praises in *Ode to A Grecian Urn*; but it is also possible to see its kinship with the timeless, changeless and deathless existence of human beings in comic strips; his distressing assumption that an immortal childhood is entirely desirable is unquestionable, and there is the implication, which Mr. de Mille naturally disregards, that if America's sweetheart must always be a child who never reaches puberty, then she may also be America's spiritual jailbait or something worse.

Exaggeration: unless one looks at the photographs which throng Miss Pickford's book, this will seem an unjustified interpretation of the extent to which Miss Pickford concentrated upon being the image of a child on the screen and

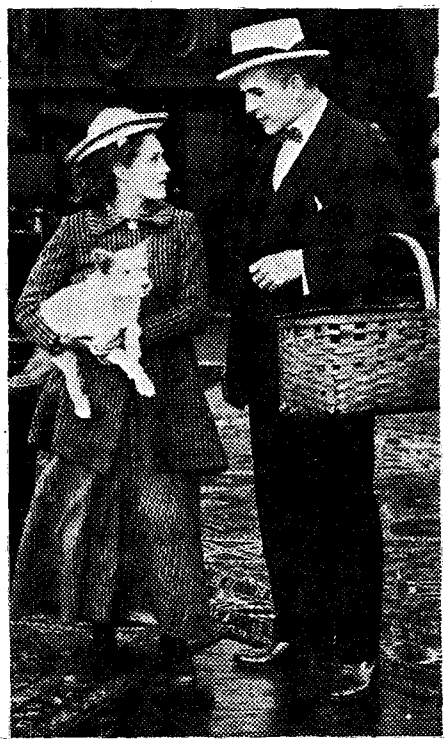
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in person. The photographs drawn from Miss Pickford's films show her becoming younger and younger from 1914 to 1922, and some of the photographs drawn from private life intensify this impression by suggesting that Miss Pickford's screen identity was devouring the rest of her being: there is one photograph taken in 1926 of Miss Pickford with her husband Douglas Fairbanks in which the latter looks 23 years of age and his wife looks like his nine-year-old kid sister. The image of America's sweetheart is that of a child before puberty, it is a vivid, visual and physical image of a dear cunning child who is presexual, asexual and even at times unbiological: to judge by the choice of attire this effect can hardly have been wholly unconscious or unwilled: but it was the public, not the star, who was guilty of morbidity of some sort.

The degree to which some powerful sexual undercurrent and identification made Miss Pickford powerful shows itself most clearly in the tendencies which came to the fore when her popularity began to decline in 1922: for example, Miss Pickford's immediate successor was Clara Bow. Clearly the It girl could hardly have supplanted America's sweetheart without the collaboration of many things which go far beyond the compass of Hollywood. Yet at the same time this exhibits Hollywood's sensitivity to national moods and the quickness with which it responds. Hollywood responded to the advent of the flapper and the Jazz Age by making films in which sex became comparatively respectable, and the new vogue was introduced by none other than Cecil de Mille, who remarked at the time that "the ruined woman is as out of style as the Victorian who used to faint." Miss Pickford, bewildered, attempted after a time to gain a new identity, and by playing the part of a flirtatious grown woman to establish a more overt connection with that Id whence, with the help of Elinor Glyn and Freud, Miss Bow's It derived its strength. But Miss Pickford's effort was wholly in vain. She remained as much a captive of her own image upon the screen as she had been when her films were most successful.

It was at the height of her fame that she enjoyed, she says in retrospect, her happiest years as America's sweetheart; she was one of Adolph Zukor's Four Famous Players, and she is certain that the happiness of those years depended upon her relationship with Mr. Zukor. She became, in her own words, one of his three children—the other two were begotten in marriage—and if it was as a father that he supervised her public and private life, it was as a daughter that she obeyed. This is illustrated very well by the occasion when Mr. Zukor, Miss Pickford and her mother journeyed by train to Boston. As they boarded the train, Miss Pickford caught a glimpse of Pearl White in the club car, looking like an empress in a large picture hat, surrounded by admirers, lighting a cigarette and lifting a highball to her lips "in the presence of all those men." "I requested permission to sit in the club car," to which Mr. Zukor answered, "Mary, are you out of your mind?" and then departed for the club car himself.

THE peril of Pearl White should indicate what a prolonged and soul-searching ordeal Miss Pickford's desire to divorce her first husband and marry Douglas Fairbanks must have been. It was not only the club car which Miss Pickford had to renounce as America's sweetheart, but also the large sums offered her to lend her name to advertisements of evening gowns and cosmetics; and "with complete sincerity" she solemnly promised newspaper reporters that she would not marry for a year after she secured her divorce. Now, some thirty-five years after, she still feels the necessity of justifying the breach of her promise to the press, which occurred, after much hesitation, as a result of Fairbanks pleading. And she feels, still, some guilt about the divorce itself as her characterization of her first husband shows; and she also feels some consolation in the fact that when she went with her mother and her attorney to Nevada to get the divorce, everyone seemed to think that it was either her mother or her attorney who was getting the divorce: "They never suspected that this creature with the flat-heeled shoes and the blond curls hanging down her back was married." Her pleasure in the visual image can hardly be dismissed; and it involves her blond curls and freedom from the stigma of marriage. A sweetheart is not a wife, nor does she look like one; in most films, romance ends with marriage; hence, a married woman can come no closer to being a real sweetheart than adultery.



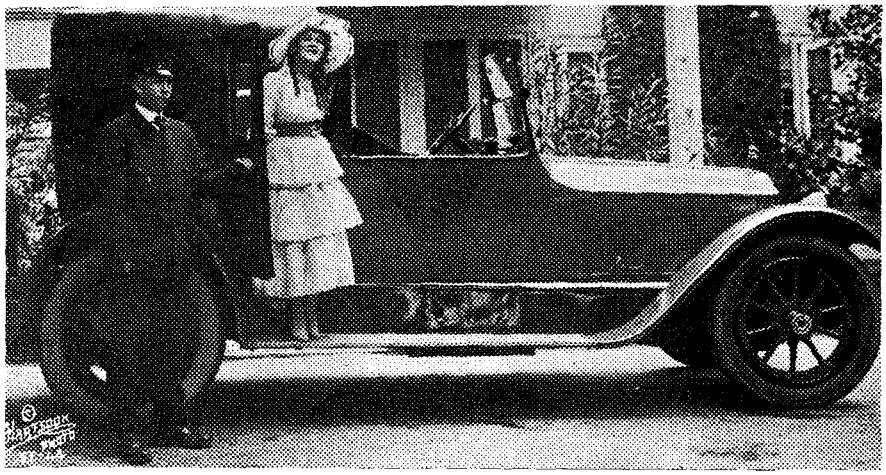
Miss Pickford at Work

Fairbanks and Miss Pickford were warned that "our pictures might be total failures at the box office, that our hard won prestige would be buried under an avalanche of malignant gossip and denunciation," and Miss Pickford felt strongly an obligation to the public "to sustain the special picture which the roles portrayed on the screen built up in the world's eyes." The result was a period of severe tension and anxiety; Miss Pickford was troubled enough to ask Fairbanks if their love could survive the loss of their careers. His answer, which is in subtitles like much of the dialogue reported by Miss Pickford, was: "I can't speak for you, Mary, but my feeling for you is not of the moment. It has nothing to do with your career or your fame, or how other people feel about you. I love you for yourself."

Miss Pickford disregards or is unaware that this avowal says nothing of Fairbanks' loss of his own career. As it happened, both careers declined but survived their love. And Miss Pickford's account disregards also the unexpected outcome; after a period of unfortunate publicity, the possibility that Miss Pickford's divorce would be invalidated transformed the newly wedded couple from sinners to victims in the mind of the public.

This very real drama is literally no more intense nor important, in Miss Pickford's account, than the occasion, years after, when she decided to cut the curls to which she has referred again

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Miss Pickford at Leisure

and again. It was an event comparable only to the cutting of the Gordian knot: Miss Pickford describes the hairdresser as "a pathetic picture of stifled rebellion and indecision" and "as he gripped the shears I had the feeling he needed aromatic spirits of ammonia more than I did. I closed my eyes when he applied the scissors." Elsewhere Miss Pickford has described her feelings before the event as a nightmare in which she believed she would become "almost as Samson after his unfortunate meeting with Delilah." And the consummation itself requires italics: "*it was the first time scissors had ever touched my head!*"

The piety of the hairdresser left six curls intact: "two of these are now in the Museum of San Diego, two in Los Angeles," and Miss Pickford kept two for herself. When she returned home shorn with all six, Douglas Fairbanks turned pale, fell into a chair and cried "'O no, no, no!'" as great tears came into his eyes. Seeing how upset she herself was, he expressed the hope that it was for the best and was silent as she placed the curls "gently side by side." But soon after "an avalanche of criticism overwhelmed me. You would have thought that I had murdered someone and perhaps I had . . . but it was very sad to be made to feel that my success depended solely or at least in large part, on a head of hair." Yet Miss Pickford did not resent this dependence until her popularity had diminished a great deal. She felt misgivings about "how as the years went by and I continued to play child's roles it would worry me that I was becoming a personality instead of an actress. I would suddenly resent the fact that I had allowed myself to be hypnotized by the public into remaining a little girl." But Miss Pickford neither made her irrevocable visit to the hairdresser, nor, save for two instances, attempted any other kind of role until the public was no longer hypnotized. Yet she is right to make as much as she does of her curls, for they were essential to the visual image which made her America's sweetheart.

It is not until her last chapter that Miss Pickford deals directly with the title which identified her, and before describing its origin, she tells of how, on a sleepless night, she made an inventory of all her nicknames and titles, "appalled by their number." The number is large to begin with, and it becomes even larger because the names she was called in private life and the names of the characters she played in films are equally real. Hence it may not be their quantity that is appalling, but their passing: "I wonder whether with the going of each name there had also gone the particular identity." This is a recognition of what is implicit throughout, Miss Pickford's intense feeling that the reality of selfhood was given to her by the parts she played: appearance is the supreme reality and the actuality of the individual merely the nondescript soil out of which it has grown. Miss Pickford was born Gladys Smith—which displeased her even in childhood—and it was David Belasco who bestowed Mary Pickford upon her, a name which, she rejoices to think, has been used by only two others, a great aunt killed by a tram in London at the age of seven, and an Eskimo boy, aged three. Among other nicknames, she mentions with pride and pleasure one which is not literally a title or a nickname at all: "Marion Davies always introduces me as 'my illegitimate daughter by Calvin Coolidge,' a title which she first bestowed on me when that blameless gentleman was still in the White House."

Miss Davies may or may not have been thinking of Warren G. Harding. But given Miss Pickford's intense and persistent solicitude about moral propriety in every other connection, and above all her indignation that the newspapers voiced "cowardly and disgusting" suggestions that Miss Pickford had married Fairbanks in haste because a baby, who might be illegitimate, was on the way, her willingness to accept the title of the President's daughter is extraordinary and becoming; the stigma of the bar sinister is clearly annulled by the radiance of the White House: this is the attitude of a queen, and precisely the attitude communicated by King Alfonso of Spain when they met and he inquired about Fatty Arbuckle and on being told of the scandal that had overtaken Arbuckle expressed sympathy and sent regards. It was again with the dignity of a queen that Miss Pickford responded when a Hollywood producer asked her to "relinquish the title of America's sweetheart in favor of a young protégée of his,": "I answered that the title was not mine to give, that, in fact, I had never accepted it, but that, such as it was, it had been conferred on me as a gesture of love by an old and honored friend."

The drama of this incident and the perfection of Miss Pickford's reply permit no comment. It should be said, however, that the old friend was not Uncle Sam; it was Pop Grauman who first used the phrase in 1914, on the marquee of a theatre, spelled out in electric lights.

Miss Pickford's final paragraph is an overwhelming coda:

> Almost twenty-five years later I was back in Toronto as guest of honor to 800 young World War II aviation cadets. Everything was all right until they began singing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," . . . It was more than I could bear. Despite my firm resolution and the overgenerous mascara the tears started rolling down my cheeks. . . . I can only say in all humility that it is good to have lived to know that after so many years off the screen these young men, soldiers soon to embark, perhaps on their last voyage, could still pay me the sweetest most gallant compliment of all, to ask to be called their collective sweetheart.

The stills of her most famous films make one certain that Miss Pickford will live

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forever in the hush, the darkness, and the immortality of her silent pictures, worthy of Keats' words:

Bold lover, never, never can'st thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love and she be fair . . . Forever panting and forever young.

The Push and Pull Between Cultures

by Kermit Lansner

DURING the past few years things Japanese have had a considerable vogue in this country. The films *Rashomon* and *Gate of Hell* were a success, both critical and financial. Shows of Japanese art draw crowds wherever they are hung. Broadway and Hollywood have capitalized on the exotic peculiarities of our former enemies. More subtly, such peculiarly Japanese achievements as calligraphy, Kabuki and Zen Buddhism have caught the interest of many artists who have tried to look away from the long dominant example of Europe.

Some Prefer Nettles, by Junichiro Tanizaki (Knopf; $3).

Yet, until this year, the Japanese novel has been studiously neglected by American publishers. Since the war only two have been translated and both have appeared in the past few months. First there was Jiro Osaragi's *Homecoming*; now *Some Prefer Nettles* by Junichiro Tanizaki. The Osaragi novel is more immediately palatable since the theme—the return of an expatriate naval officer to a defeated Japan—has the bloom of current events which always makes a foreign novel a bit easier to take.

Some Prefer Nettles is quite different however. It has, for one thing, a highly individual style which comes across even in translation—in fact, much of the success of the novel can be attributed to Edward Seidensticker who has succeeded in catching every dart of a very elusive prose. Tanizaki wrote this novel in 1928 when he was 42 years old. He was already a well-known and prolific author who, in his youth, had gone to extremes in rejecting his own Japanese tradition. Much of his earlier work borrowed heavily from Poe, Wilde and Baudelaire. A novel which precedes this one by several years, *A Fool's Love*, has been called a Japanese *Of Human Bondage*. This is only one small indication of the heavy reliance of Japanese novelists on Western prototypes.

This Western influence is not surprising though some may take it as another example of the notorious Japanese tendency toward imitation. The modern novel in Japan is even now only about 75 years old although the tradition of long works in prose dates back well over a thousand years. It rose from the impact of the West on Japan as well as from the changed social conditions in a country which found the older art forms insufficient. The impact of the nineteenth and twentieth century Western novel—mainly of the social and political kind—was immediate, overwhelming, and frequently quite funny, which is not surprising considering the quality of the innumerable translations from every European language which rained upon Japan.

When Tanizaki wrote *Some Prefer Nettles* he had begun to move away from the West into the Japanese past which has preoccupied him since. For some years now he has been working on a rendition of *The Tale of Genji* into modern Japanese; while *The Thin Snow*, his last novel, is a massive and detailed recreation of the bourgeois life of Osaka before it was irreparably shattered in World War II. *Some Prefer Nettles* is a slighter affair whose fascination stems from the tension between East and West which is held in both the theme and the style. To the American and English reader the theme of the push and pull between cultures may well have a familiar ring. The Japanese are as haunted by the interplay between East and West as many American writers have been by the relations between Europe and America.

Tanizaki's novel opens on a note of indecision. It ends with a chord which is still unresolved. Kaname is a well-to-do bourgeois who is unhappily married to Misako, a pretty matron with a thin Western veneer. They have a son, Hiroshi, but he is the only real tie between them. Misako has been subtly driven to take a lover who wants to marry her. Kaname is nagged by guilt about the whole business and finds occasional distraction in a Eurasian prostitute who holds him with the exotic attraction which foreign women are apt to exercise on Japanese men.

Neither one can make the final break toward divorce. "It was as if they held a basin of water balanced between them and waited to see in which direction it would spill." Their personal dilemma runs parallel to the cultural one. Both feel a vague dissatisfaction with the Western ways which have long attracted them. Gradually Kaname is drawn to the older traditions of his country; to the more raucous, bustling Osaka against the cosmopolitan Tokyo; to the puppet plays instead of the unexpurgated edition of the *The Arabian Nights* which he has imported from an English book store.

The instrument who draws Kaname back to the older ways is Misako's father, an elderly gentleman who has forsaken his "hair-raising" experiments in Western ways for a deliberate antiquarianism which makes him a perambulating repository of ancient lore and tastes. His passion is the vanishing art of *joruri*, the puppet theatre for which the great playwright Chikamatsu wrote his best work in the seventeenth century.

Tanizaki introduces two long chapters which take place at performances given at the puppet theatre—one in Osaka, the other at Awaji. His reflections on this passing art and on some of the old songs which are still sung contain many of his ideas about the aesthetic of his own novel. They suggest how shrewdly he has worked to keep the peculiar charm of Japan's best arts: the subtly held distance from the subject, the use of silence and omission, the concentration on the passing of events rather than on deep psychological probing, the remarkable suggestiveness of trivial incidents observed in a word, the seriously lyrical feeling for nature.

These are some of the things which are different about Tanizaki's book. The rest is tantalizingly familiar. Offhand there is no reason why it shouldn't gratify a publisher's wish: to become as popular as another import, *Bonjour Tristesse*. It is much the better book.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

WHEN a management compresses "18 premieres, 5 important revivals, 15 repertory favorites" into three weeks, peowho have other things to do besides watching dances must pick and choose. On a single page of *NR* I cannot do justice to the five evenings I devoted to Miss de Rothschild's presentation. I will limit myself to the work of a single choreographer—Martha Graham—and

Modern Dance, presented by Bethsabee de Rothschild (ANTA Theatre).

my comments even on her will be fragmentary. I treasure things in her work that to a dance expert might seem secondary—notably, her stagecraft. Starting with stage design. The designs for all Graham's dances are among the most original in the modern theatre, and a large part of the credit must surely go to Graham herself, who knows so well what she wants. But at least one of her designers—Noguchi—is a genius in his own right. (I call him "hers" because she alone in our theatre has a use for him, though in England he is shortly to design *King Lear* for Gielgud.) One of the triumphs of the festival is a structure of copper tubing which is Noguchi's setting for the story of Jeanne d'Arc. By a miracle of imagination he has created a medieval quality without imitating medieval art and a modern quality which enhances the medievality instead of negating it. Even aside from such particular achievements, I like Graham's idea of scenery as a few objects placed on a platform; it would have given Belasco rather a shock, but would have been no surprise to Shakespeare. (Designers for the dance have to keep most of the stage floor free; it would do stage designers a lot of good to work under a similar compulsion.) These few objects may constitute a setting (landscape, architecture, furniture), or they may consist of portable properties. Graham makes original use of both. More precisely, she is original in that she does *use* them: settings and props are not a passive background but are employed in the action on stage. A gateway of wood is also a horizontal bar for a gymnast (in *Theatre for a Voyage*). Or what begins as part of the setting may be dislodged and become a prop (as happens with a sort of burning bush in *Cave of the Heart*). The modern theatre boasts about its skilfully realistic use of props; Stanislavsky has taught the whole world how to do it. But there is also a nonreal, or surreal, use of them, which was never so vividly illustrated as when Graham as Emily Bronte plays chess or holds a goblet.

Are trinkets and jewels props or costume? Nowhere in modern theatre are personal ornaments—a flower or a pin in the hair, a bangle on the arm—more important than in the art of Graham. It is partly a matter of the choice of ornament, partly of its placing on the body, and partly of the ability of the dancer to wear it: Graham has mastered all three departments. In the study of her art, we pass from setting, to props, to adornments, to clothes—an unbroken chain. As to clothes, I should say that the ballet exploits only a small part of their theatricality. The purpose of ballet costume is exhausted if the shape of the body is indicated and a touch of glamor added. Graham's interest in clothes is more whole-hearted. Where the ballet features the outline of the leg, she features the full skirt, and many of the patterns of her dancing are simply (if it were simple!) undulations of skirting—what Herrick called the "liquefaction" of women's clothes. Where ballet costume frees the body for "sheer" movement, a Graham dance imposes deliberate limits to movement in the form of numerous props and copious folds of dress. As dancers, Graham's company must surely feel encumbered and inhibited at times. In *Ardent Song*, Patricia Birsh carries a large sea-shell and seems wrapped tight as a mummy; yet it is in this very episode that Miss Birsh imposes herself as one of the outstanding members of the group; in limitation lay her opportunity.

If I'm making the art of Graham seem a matter of objects, obstacles, and devices, I'd like to correct the error by calling attention to more elemental kinds of theatricality. First, the sheer *thoroughness* of it all. What we usually see in the New York theatre is work, good or bad, that has been knocked together in a big hurry by a group of people who have never even met before; it should hardly be necessary to add that *this shows*. The opposite shows, too. A production of the Berliner Ensemble that has been quietly rehearsed for three months with actors who are working

What the Bones Know

REMEMBERING the past
And gloating at it now,
I know the frozen brow
And shaking sides of lust
Will dog me at my death
To catch my ghostly breath.

I think that Yeats was right,
That lust and love are one.
The body of this night
May beggar me to death,
But we are not undone
Who love with all our breath.

I know that Proust was wrong,
His wheeze: love, to survive
Needs jealousy, and death
And lust, to make it strong
Or goose it back alive.
Proust took away my breath.

The later Yeats was right
To think of sex and death
And nothing else. Why wait
Till we are turning old?
My thoughts are hot and cold.
I do not waste my breath.

CAROLYN KIZER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together all the time is quite a different thing. The resulting *thoroughness* is not merely a matter of added "business" but of the ripeness of organic growth, of unforced fruit. Such a ripeness is to be seen in the works which Graham has labored on, not months, but years, like *Appalachian Spring, Night Journey, Deaths and Entrances,* and *Diversion of Angels.* Second, the direct creation of visual beauty. There was a time when modern dance was thought to be all contractions, distortions, sharp angles, miscellaneous grotesqueries. Today, the younger dancers raise the cry that Graham is reactionary and *vieu jeu.* The fact is, obviously, that we have here an art at full maturity. Too modern for the oldsters, too conservative for the youngsters, the phenomenon is simply that of a full realized style. One might go on to reflect that some of the older crowd will yet learn to like it, while more and more of the younger crowd will clamor for something different. My point here is that this older Graham can give us certain rare satisfactions. She has won through to that special simplicity which, in the life of an artist who develops for decades, comes *after* complexity. For all the famous contractions, etc., Graham, I feel, has always striven towards such a simplicity. You can see it in the way each particular work develops. In the beginning it is lumpy like dough; the work Graham does on it is a kind of kneading till all is smooth. The part of Graham that I resist, and find impure, is sometimes prominent in the program (in titles and notes). Too much anthropology (or too little). Too much psychoanalysis (probably Jungian). Too much literature (by way of Bennington). And this part is prominent in works not yet developed to their final pitch. But from *Diversion of Angels,* I can at any moment recall two simple images. One is of Pearl Lang moving, the other of Mary Hinkson quite, quite still. Two statues, if you will, with Miss Lang caught, as by some baroque sculptor, in mid flight. Images! Graham creates images of a most exquisite lovliness. Perhaps this is not one of the main things she does. (Let the dance critics tell us what is; I have been reading them lately; I find that in general they say absolutely nothing.) I feel grateful for such loveliness, and cannot help feeling that it is of the essence—if not of dance, then of theatre.

ERIC BENTLEY

CORRESPONDENCE

► Faith and Analysis

SIRS:

Your stimulating and valuable symposium on "Faith and Analysis" (*NR,* May 16) brings out very clearly one rather significant fact: most of the therapists point out that Freudian psychology is based upon empirical scientific procedure carried out upon the foundation of the rational presuppositions of the sciences, while the "existentialist" theologians seem most anxious to use the descriptive results of this scientific and rational procedure in order to point out that man is an irrational animal and incapable of rational achievement in the pursuit of truth. This is a precariously circular argument. "The growing conviction that men are governed not by reason but by impulse" is made to lead to "the revivalist war whoop." This is a strange apologetic for Christianity, and could serve as well as a support for witchcraft or any kind of credulity, including Hitlerism.

The latest trend among religious apologists seems to me to be a fervent desire to destroy all confidence in the reason and virtue of man. This makes way for religion as a need serving man's impulsive and destructive nature; but to win a place for religion in the world at the cost of destroying man's confidence in his human, rational, nature opens the way for any sort of "therapy" to cure sick humanity. How "crisis conversion," which is the medicine in the background of this doctor-caused illness, is to help or cure or permanently rectify a humanity which is all "impulse," "total depravity," "malignant complexes," "animal drives in their crude forms," "witch's broth of fears, hatreds and greeds" puzzles me. I am not denying sin, failure, disorder, selfishness and hate to be part of the human complex. I am denying that either a revivalist war whoop or any sort of superficial "come to realize" subjective experience could ever do anything for "existential man" but add a coarse and gross kind of superstition to his already formidable lunacy of impulse and malignancy. To declare that we are all sick, including the minister himself, one assumes, and then to say that the therapist and the ministry have equal and similar tasks of curation, one scientific and the other "war-whoopish" is an odd way to find a place for Christianity. It is refreshing to hear Dr. Cavanagh say, "implicit in the whole article is the impression that religion is nothing more than a psychotherapeutic method designed by man to satisfy his needs."

PROFESSOR WILFORD O. CROSS
The School of Theology
The University of the South
Sewanee, Tennessee

• • •

SIRS:

In "Faith and Analysis," Professor Roberts states that: "In this matter Freud seems to have been more Christian than the Christians. He demanded at least two conversions. . . ."

The author has apparently overlooked the belief held by various denominations including my own, the Methodist, that some Christians achieve a "second blessing," there attaining sanctification. This condition seems to be that of a person who, having experienced "rebirth" and therefore becoming a "spiritual child," continues to grow in the knowledge of God until, at the "second blessing," that person becomes spiritually twenty-one. In other words, spiritual maturity begins.

With all the likenesses pointed out, it seems a terrible commentary on the increasing formalism of today's Church that, of persons suffering from emotional disturbances, more of them receive understanding and real help from the psychiatrist's office than do from the pastor's study.

T. MALCOLM PURCELL, JR.
Thomson, Georgia

• • •

SIRS:

Having engaged in a correspondence with Dr. Carl G. Jung, who will be 80 in July, it may interest you to know of a few quotations pertaining to the subject on which William Roberts wrote. Jung states:

> In our time, a time which puts so much weight on the socialization of the individual because a special capacity for adjustment is needed, the psychologically oriented group formation is of even greater importance. In view of the notorious inclination of people, however, to lean on others and on isms rather than on inner security and in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependence, which should have first place, there is the danger that the individual . . . will remain as dependent, insecure, and infantile as before. He may become adjusted socially. But what of his individuality, which alone gives meaning to the social fabric? In reality, society is composed mainly of unintelligent and morally weak human beings . . .

When a hundred clever heads join together, one big nincompoop is the result, because every individual is trammelled by the otherness of the others. There used to be a funny question: Which are the three largest organizations, the morale of which is lowest? Answer: Standard Oil Company, the Catholic Church, and the German Army. Especially in a Christian organization one should expect the highest morality, but the necessity to bring into harmony various factions requires compromises of the most questionable kind. (Jesuitic casuistry and distortion of the truth in the interest of the institution!) The worst examples of recent date are National Socialism and Communism, in which the *lie* became the *raison d'être.*

HANS A. ILLING

Los Angeles, California

• • •

SIRS:

In your article on "Faith and Analysis," you deal with traditional superstitions that have hardened into religions and with the fantastic imaginations of the Freudians and the psychoanalysts of all varieties. Why ignore the logical and quite rational theories of the behaviorists who consider heredity and environment as the formative origins of all character? Surely the theory of conditioned reflexes gives a clue to character building without an appeal to the supernatural or to fantasy.

CLEMENT WELLS

Zurich, Switzerland

► A Critic on Wheels

SIRS:

The day after my article on the Rosenthal statue ("A Critic on Wheels," *NR*, April 25) hit the newsstands I drove past the police building and noted that the brown paper wrappings had been removed. Risking official wrath, I parked in the lot reserved for squad cars and took my first look at the original. To my dismay the group consisted of four figures, not three, the fourth being an infant held in the arms of the female not visible in the photographs I had studied. My apologies. Incidentally, the statue is far more impressive and pleasing than the photos of it.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Los Angeles, Calif.

BANDWAGON

TURNABOUT witness Harvey Matusow has been expelled from the New York Young Republican Club "for actions inimical to the interests of the club." . . . —*Chicago Daily Tribune*, May 6, 1955.

COUNTY JUDGE James A. Coolahan has granted Howard Goldbrick, 17, permission to change his name to Borodin. Goldbrick said he is going into the Army in May.—*Champaign-Urbana* (Ill.) *Courier*, Jan. 6, 1955.

"IF Stevenson were the other candidate [in '56], I would have to, I suppose, vote for Eisenhower as the lesser of two evils," Senator McCarthy said.—*New York Times*, May 24, 1955.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER last night said that the Republican Party may be a minority party on a statistical basis but that it represents majority thinking.—*Washington Post-Times-Herald*, May 24, 1955.

Going away for a vacation?

Subscribers who want to be sure the *New Republic* follows them should send us, *at least three weeks in advance*, their present address *and* the temporary holiday address.

Also indicate the dates you plan to be away, so that *NR* returns home the same week you return.

NEW REPUBLIC • 1826 Jefferson Pl., N.W. • Washington 6, D. C.

WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE?

Make Sure of Your Copy of New Republic—Every Week!

☐ 1 year $7 ☐ 2 years $12

SEND TO_____

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐ BILL LATER

The NEW REPUBLIC
1826 Jefferson Pl., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

$200 WEEKLY cleaning Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burtt, 2484DB, Wichita 13, Kansas.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS. Let us find them for you. OSTER'S, Dept. D, Box 111, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y.

24 SHORTWRITE CLINIC REPORTS. Sharp new tool. Writers, readers, teachers, students. How to make more SENSE than SOUND. Result 16 years research. Used industry, Navy, San Diego Schools (experiment). 400 questions, 125 pages, multilithed. All 24, PLUS "Digest SHORTWRITE Ideas," $1. Postpaid. SHORTWRITE CLINIC-2. 3010 Glendora, San Diego 9, Calif.

POPULAR SONGS VS. THE FACTS OF LIFE—Lead article by S. I. Hayakawa in current issue of *ETC.*, official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms tend to limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 22, 400 W. North Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Transbooks, Box 22-NR, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalog, literature, Free. New York Labor News Company, Dept. N, 61 Cliff Street, New York 38, New York.

AVAILABLE

OPPORTUNITY TO PUT BELIEFS INTO ACTION. For families who wish to live in unsegregated community. Attractive new 3-bedroom ranch homes just outside Philadelphia, $11,990. New Model with added powder room, storage room, playroom and den now open. Visit homes 12-9 daily and Sundays; Old Lincoln Highway, south of Route 132, Trevose, Pa.; near Philadelphia Interchange of Pa. Turnpike. **100 percent mortgages available.** Telephone ELmwood 7-4325 or write Concord Park Homes, Inc., Trevose, Pa.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year.....9c
Per word 52 times in one contract year.....8c

NEW REPUBLIC
1826 Jefferson Pl. N.W., Wash. 6, D. C.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. 7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Graduation

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE of June, 1955—whether entering the professions, the sciences, government, teaching or the business world—will profit, more than ever before, from the stimulating essays and reports in the *New Republic*. Through these pages the graduate may continue his (or her) association with mature minds, good writing and independent interpretation of the important ideas and events of the week.

For the high school graduate, about to enter the university, *NR* can be a valued, extra-curricular companion for an exciting, intellectual adventure.

For these graduates of your acquaintance, what more appropriate (and complimentary) gift is there than a subscription to the New Republic *at the special student price of $5 for 52 issues?*

NEW REPUBLIC
1826 Jefferson Place, N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.

Send as my graduation gift a one-year subscription to NR at the special $5 price to:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Name of Donor.....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

6-6-55

An attractive gift card in your name will be sent promptly by the New Republic

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED